

NUMBERS OF PEACE DELEGATES NOW FIXED

The Daily Mirror

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No. 4,750.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1919

[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

LORD COWLEY DEAD: ACTOR SCENE-PAINTER SUCCEEDS



Lady Dangan and her son Michael. She was formerly Miss May Picard, the actress.



Earl Cowley. He had in many ways a varied career.



Lord Dangan was a scene painter, as well as an actor. He was born in 1890, and served in Royal Marine Artillery during the war.

Earl Cowley, a peer of many matrimonial experiences, who will be best remembered as the central figure in the famous Hartopp divorce suit in 1905, died yesterday at his

Wiltshire seat, Draycott House, at the age of fifty-three. He had been ill for some time. Viscount Dangan, his only child by his first marriage, succeeds to the title.

BACK TO THE OLD VOLUNTARY SYSTEM OF RECRUITING.



Three sergeants, with a total service of 110 years, now return to the Army. They were loaned to the Government for the "duration."



Taking down full particulars.



Taking the oath. The older men are for the Regular Army and the boys for the R.A.F. At New Scotland Yard the recruits were chiefly lads of eighteen, who were working on munitions.—(Exclusive.)

LORD CHANCELLOR TAKES THE OATH.



Sir F. E. Smith, who has been appointed Lord Chancellor in Mr. Lloyd George's new Ministry, leaving the Law Courts yesterday.

ACTOR BECOMES EARL COWLEY.

"Arthur Wellesley" to Go On with Stage Work.

CHAT AT THE THEATRE.

New Peer on Teaching His Little Son His New Name.

The *Daily Mirror* yesterday was the first to tell Mr. Martin Henry, lessee of the Criterion Theatre, that he had an earl in his "You Never Know, Y'know," company.

Later, *The Daily Mirror* saw the new Earl Cowley, who acts under the name of Arthur Wellesley, in his dressing-room at the theatre, as he was making up to go on.

"Of course," said Earl Cowley, "I shall go on with my stage work. I like it too much to abandon it. I have been on the stage for ten years, and do not mean to leave it."

"But probably, if circumstances are propitious, I shall appear in another capacity than actor. I should like to go into management."

"I did not know," continued the new peer, as he proceeded to apply a stick of grease paint to his face, "that my father had died till I entered the theatre."

"And I should like to make it clear that the late Earl and myself were strangers."

"I do not think I have seen him more than four times in all my life."

THE BABY VISCOUNT.

Hon. Michael Wellesley Now Changes His Name When Four Years Old.

"There is another Viscount Dangan now," suggested *The Daily Mirror*, remembering that the new peer had a little son, now four years of age—the Hon. Michael Wellesley, who becomes Viscount Dangan.

"Yes," assented Earl Cowley, "and we shall have to teach him his new name. He has only just learned his old one."

Viscount Dangan he was when he went on the stage, began acting at the Gaiety Theatre in "Our Miss Gibbs." He was in several of the Gaiety plays, and then transferred to Daly's.

He made a professional tour in the United States and there met his wife, who was Miss May Picard, also on the stage.

DEATH OF EARL COWLEY.

Peer Who Figured in Famous Hartopp Divorce Suit.

Earl Cowley died yesterday morning at his Wiltsire residence, Draycot Cen. He had been suffering from dropsy for several weeks past.

The deceased Earl is succeeded in the title by his son, Viscount Dangan, who is a member of the dramatic profession.

The funeral has been fixed to take place at Draycot Church on Saturday.

When the late Earl was Viscount Dangan he was defendant in an action for breach of promise brought by Miss Phyllis Brightmore of Grafton, who, in 1908, was Lady Violet Nevill, daughter of the Marquis of Abergavenny, and eight years later obtained a divorce.

Lord Cowley came again into the public eye in the famous Hartopp divorce suit in 1908, in which Sir Charles Hartopp obtained a divorce.

The sequel to this suit was Lord Cowley's marriage to Lady Hartopp, which took place at Coton on December 14, 1905.

Earl Cowley's death in the Divorce Court was in 1913, when he appeared as respondent to the petition brought by Mr. Geoffrey Charles Buxton, of the Manor House, Beverley.

Mr. Buxton was granted a decree nisi, and later Lady Cowley, formerly Lady Hartopp, divorced her husband.

LOVE AND DISMISSAL.

Teacher Who Lost Situation for Seeing Fiance Off to France.

Because she took a half-holiday to see her fiance off to France, having obtained the headmaster's permission, Miss Helen Martin, a teacher at the Godfrey Emin Memorial School, Eccles, was dismissed.

Miss Martin yesterday asked the Chancery Division to say that the notice was inoperative. The Eccles Corporation, which is the local educational authority, had decided that except in the case of personal illness, no teacher was to be absent without their special permission, and they directed the managers of the school to dismiss.

This the managers refused to do, whereupon the Corporation gave her a month's notice. The hearing was adjourned.

NINEPENNY APPLES AT LAST.

There were plenty of ninepenny apples in London yesterday. Most of the greengrocers and fruitellers had them on offer, and they could even be bought from barrows on Ludgate-hill.



Senator Borah, of Idaho, U.S.A., who has backed Mr. Daniels' scheme for a big American Navy.

Princess Charlotte of Luxembourg, who is to succeed her sister the Grand Duchess Marie on the throne.

PRINCE IN COLOGNE.

Flies to City in Aeroplane—Stunts Over the Rhine.

DANCES WITH NURSING SISTERS.

The Prince of Wales came to Germany on January 8 for the first time since the British troops have been on the Rhine, writes Mr. Fred James, official correspondent of the Canadian Overseas Ministry.

The Prince left Charleroi in his motor-car, and when he got as far as Spa, decided that he would not enter Germany by the prosaic medium of his motor-car, so he got aboard an aeroplane and flew to Cologne.

When the machine was over the Rhine the Prince persuaded the pilot to do a few stunts.

From Cologne the royal dyer came to Bonn, and in the evening went to a dance at a Canadian infantry-brigade headquarters at Velberg, where he danced with Canadian nursing sisters till after midnight.

He attended the show at the Stadt Theatre given by the "See-Tees," the 2nd Division concert party.

He was also going to Coblenz to spend a day with the American troops.

The Prince and the City. — The Prince of Wales, it is expected, will shortly take up the freedom of the City of London.

REMEMBER SATURDAY.

Jan. 18 the Last Day on Which You Can Buy War Bonds.

Saturday is the last day for the purchase of War Bonds.

The world's finest investment—one backed by all the wealth of the British Empire—is thus open to the public for only three more days.

The wisest and best thing anyone alive to his own interests can do, both for himself and the country, is to buy now before it is too late the biggest bond he can.

The public, it is generally recognised, will never have such a chance again.

In under three months nearly £1,500,000,000 worth of these War Bonds have been sold—a world's financial record.

By Saturday, *The Daily Mirror* understands, the total will probably be £1,600,000,000. The Treasury hope that this figure will be reached.

VERGE OF STARVATION."

Food Controller Explains Britain's Part in Feeding Europe.

Mr. G. H. Roberts, the new Food Controller, who leaves London to-morrow for Paris to discuss the question of the revictualing of Europe with Lord Curzon, Sir John Beale, and Sir William Beveridge, in an interview yesterday said the problem of food control was an international question.

"Hostilities had ended," he added, "but as far as food is concerned the problem is as great as ever."

The plain fact is that great tracts of Europe are on the verge of starvation.

Revolution is the child of starvation, and President Wilson pointed out that the best way of stopping the onward sweep of Bolshevism is by food and not by force.

Just as England helped to save the Allies by her exertions and her example in war, so she will take her part in helping to save Europe from starvation and chaos now peace has come."

TEAROOM KISSES CASE FINED.

For permitting disorderly conduct in the Royal Exchange tearooms, the proprietress, Mrs. Millicent Gaines, was fined £5 and three guineas costs on eight summonses at the Mansion House.

The evidence for the prosecution was that "kissing and cuddling" took place between the defendant, the waitresses and men customers.

A PIG'S JURNEY IN A BOX.

For sending a pig—a pedigree Gloucester boar, a journey of 243 miles, which took thirty hours, in a box 4ft. shorter and 2in. less in height than the animal, it contained, William (Arckell) of Hampstead, Gloucestershire, was fined at Soayborough yesterday £2 and £3 costs.

WEST END TRAGEDY.

Romance of Colonel Rutherford's Runaway Marriage.

TO-MORROW'S INQUEST.

The inquest on Major Seton, who was shot dead at the residence of Sir Malcolm Seton in Holland Park on Monday night, has been fixed for to-morrow afternoon at Kensington.

It has not yet been decided whether Lieutenant-Colonel Rutherford will appear at the inquest, this decision resting with his counsel. Mr. Thomas Humphreys is appearing for Lieutenant-Colonel Rutherford.

Sir Richard Muir, it is understood, is holding a watching brief.

Lieutenant-Colonel Norman Rutherford, D.S.O., is under remand charged with the murder of Major Seton.

Colonel Rutherford's marriage was a romantic one—without announcement of an engagement or other notice. It was known in the Bradford district, however, that he and the lady were on friendly terms.

One night Miss Roberts was missing from her home, the Knoll, Baildon, and it was then discovered that young Rutherford was missing too.

Later a telegram was received at the Kriol

announcing that the two had been married in Scotland.

Afterwards they went to South Africa, and on their return Sir James Roberts took the young man into his business and provided him with a fine residence at Harden Grange, Bingley.

But the arrangement only lasted for a short time, Colonel Rutherford retiring from the mills.

LUXEMBURG'S NEW RULER.

Princess Charlotte to Succeed Her Sister as Grand Duchess.

LUXEMBURG, Tuesday (received yesterday). Following on the abdication of the Grand Duchess Marie Adelais, the Luxembourg Chamber by 30 votes to 19 decided to appoint at one's delegation to receive the oath of her sister and successor, Princess Charlotte.—Reuter.

Charlotte is twenty-two and half years old. Mr. Ward Price, a magistrate from Luxembourg, is said to be gay and democratic in her manners.

But Charlotte is engaged to Prince Felix of Parma, who is a brother of the late Empress of Austria and saved the Emperor from drowning in the Tagliamento River.

Hilda, the next of the Princesses, is an invalid. Then comes Antonia, who lately was betrothed to Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria. The remaining two, who have not yet put on their hair, will have to succeed to the crown under the regency of their mother, an Austrian Princess of Braganza.

CARLETON INQUEST.

Inquiry Expected to Come to an End To-day.

The inquiry into the death of Miss Billie Carleton, who was found dead in her flat at Savoy Court on the day after the Victory Ball, will be resumed to-day at the Westminster Coroner's Court.

Owing to the number of counsel and solicitors engaged and the time required for the representations to the Press, the coroner has found it impossible to admit the public on this occasion.

The inquiry will probably close this afternoon, when it is expected that the first witness will be Mr. Reggie de Veulle, whose name has figured so prominently in the proceedings.

FIRST APPEARANCES.

New Members Attend Their First Cabinet Meeting at No. 10.

Earl Curzon of Kedleston yesterday presided over the first meeting of new Ministers, which was held at 10, Downing-street.

Mr. Short made his first appearance as Home Secretary, and Mr. Walter Long as First Lord of the Admiralty.

Sir Gordon Hewart and Sir Ernest Pollock had their first experience of a meeting of this kind.

Others present included Mr. George Barnes and Mr. Austen Chamberlain.

BOY OF TWO HAS FATAL "SMOKE."

When Mrs. McLean, of Elstow, returned home and found her two-year-old son in flames, her little daughter told her that they rolled up a piece of paper to make a cigarette like daddy and, in putting it to the fire to light, the little boy's clothes caught fire. Accidental death was the verdict at the inquest yesterday.

THE LADY AND THE NECKLACE.

The Duke of Galliera, a Spanish prince, and a Spanish marchioness a pearl necklace for a fashionable function.

She now declines to return it, and when summoned before a magistrate, says Reuter from Paris, she said that she should explain the matter to the King of Spain, and that meanwhile the necklace was in a safe at the Credit Lyonnais.

BIG STOCKS OF WINE COMING INTO COUNTRY.

Yet Prices Remain High and Supply Short.

WHISKY OUTLOOK GLOOMY

Two questions are agitating the public mind at the present moment.

One is the elusiveness of the light wines for which the restaurants charge at the rate of about a penny a drop.

Yesterday *The Daily Mirror* ascertained from an unimpeachable source that exceptionally large stocks of wine are now arriving in this country, and that the present high prices are not justified.

The other question is the whisky ration. Will it be increased?

Propriets say no, since the 112,685,000 gallons (a mere trifling of 676,110,000 bottles!) on December 31 last, and the release of barley

LARGE STOCKS OF WINE.

"Trade Holding Up Imports to Create Artificial Shortage."

Port—when you can buy it—is 7s. 6d. to 8s. 6d. a bottle. Light French and Italian wines cost from 4s. to 6s. per bottle. Inexpensive wines have vanished from the restaurants' lists.

Yet numbers of the wine trade are very ir-

ignant in the suggestion that they are numer-

ous among the profiteers, and one of them

said to *The Daily Mirror*:—

"Wine which cost £40 a pipe here before the war now costs £30 to £35 at Oporto. To this £30 must be added the freightage, now much higher than pre-war rates, and other expenses."

The increased imports do not meet the demands of the market, and the boundaries

On the other hand, *The Daily Mirror* learns

from a reliable source that exceptionally large stocks are arriving in this country.

The wine, our informant said, was being held

up to create an artificial shortage.

WHAT DISTILLERS SAY.

No Increase in the Ration and No Reduction in Price.

"The patent spirit distillers," said a member of a famous whisky firm, "have for some time been making spirit for the Government in order to produce yeast for bread, but even if they are not doing so, the Government are given permission to produce for rationing and commercial purposes nothing can be done yet."

"We will also suppose that the 1916 restrictions, which reduced the rations to publicans and others by 50 per cent., were withdrawn to-morrow, the distillers and blenders could not possibly resume their pre-war trade, as the Act requires the liquor to be kept for three years."

"The leading firms, it is believed, generally keep stock for four years for maturing. This year must remain as it is indefinitely."

It is interesting, in view of this statement, to point out that there were 112,685,000 gallons in bond on December 31 last, and that during 1918 a thirsty public was only allowed 12,000,000 at 30 per cent. under proof."

At this abstemious rate by the end of four extra twelve months is allowed for maturing—only 48,000,000 gallons will have been absorbed. This leaves a trifle of 64,685,000 for emergencies.

NEWS ITEMS.

Weather Forecast for England—S.E. moderate to fresh, westerly winds backing south later changeable; some showers, becoming rainy.

Grocers' Federation have lodged a strong protest with the Food Ministry with regard to the decision allowing ration-book holders to change retailers.

World's Tallest Man Dead.—Mr. Albert Brough, who was 7ft. 7in. in height, and weighed 26 stone, put the tallest man in the world, died at Nottingham yesterday.

Bugus Regatta Collectors.—Edward Clark, dock pilot, and James Moore, munition worker, on a charge of conspiring to collect for bugus sports on the Thames, were at the Old Bailey yesterday sentenced respectively to nine months' hard labour and three months' hard labour.

ENLISTING OUR VOLUNTARY ARMY.

Voluntary recruiting for the British Army was opened yesterday.

Up to midday between twenty and thirty men had volunteered.

In the main the recruits are lads who have just reached the age of eighteen, and as far as physique is concerned they are of a good stamp.

Recruits have absolute choice of regiments.

SHOTS IN STREET.

Four Maori soldiers have been detained by the London police as the result of a shooting affair which took place in Queen-square, the bald-road, on Tuesday night, in which a Mrs. Chadburn received a bullet wound in the arm.

PEACE PUBLICITY: SURPRISE DECISION IN PARIS

Nothing Beyond Official Statements—Protests by U.S. and British Journalists.

HOW 62 PEACE SEATS ARE ALLOTTED.

British Representatives Will Be 14 in All.

CONFERENCE OFFICIAL

PARIS, Wednesday Night. Hitherto it has been the practice for the Governments taking part in the Preliminary Peace Conversations to issue separate communiques regarding the proceedings.

From to-day it has been decided to issue a joint communiqué of which the following is the English text adopted by the British and American delegations:

Preliminary Peace Conference.—The President of the United States of America, the Prime Ministers and Foreign Ministers of the Allied Powers, assisted by the Japanese Ambassadors in Paris and London, held two meetings to-day, the first from 10.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m., the second from 2.30 p.m. to 5 p.m.

Amongst other things it was decided that the representation at the Peace Conference shall be as follows:

United States, British Empire, France, Italy and Japan—5 delegates each.

Australia, Canada, South Africa and India (including the native States)—2 each.

New Zealand—1.

Belgium, China, Greece, Poland, Portugal, Czechoslovak Republic, Rumania and Montenegro—2 each.

Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Liberia, Nicaragua and Panama—1 each.

The rules concerning the designation of the Montenegro delegation shall not be fixed until the moment when the political situation of this country shall have been cleared up.

The meeting adopted the following two general principles:

(1) Each delegation being a unit, the number of delegates forming it can have no influence upon its status at the Conference.

(2) In the selection of its delegation each nation may avail itself of the panel system. This will enable each State at its discretion to entrust its interests to such persons as it may designate.

The adoption of the panel system will, in particular, enable the British Empire to admit



Lord Ernle is the title chosen by Mr. Prothero on his elevation to the peerage.

Mr. Havelock Wilson, of the Seamen's Union, which threatens to man no food ships for Huns.

among its five delegates representatives of the Dominions (including Newfoundland, which has no separate representation), and of India.

PUBLICITY CONTRASTS.

No Censorship" and "Nothing but Official Communiques."

It was announced officially yesterday that the British Government have not proposed and do not intend to exercise any censorship over the messages of British correspondents in France during the Peace Conference, and they have received from the French Government a similar assurance that the censorship in France will be suppressed in respect of Press messages addressed to the United Kingdom.

The decision of yesterday's Conference to make no communications to the Press beyond the official statements has caused general indignation.

American and British journalists have registered stormy protests and demanded a modification.

It is presumed that the decision is the outcome

of M. Clemenceau's policy of secrecy.—Central News.

The debates will be bilingual, and at the ceremonial opening on Saturday there will be no business beyond a welcoming speech by President Poincaré and a reply by President Wilson.

—Central News.

"L. G." AND THE SOVIETS.

Premier Said To Be Willing That They Should Be Represented.

The *Echo de Paris* asserts that Mr. Lloyd George has not changed his stand-point on the question of sending into relations with the Russian Soviet Government, and is ready to admit its representation at the Peace Conference, but its delegates would be obliged, like all the other plenipotentiaries, to abide by the rules of the Conference.—Reuter.

According to another correspondent, the Bolshevik Government demands the right to send three delegates to the Peace Conference.

Lord Robert Cecil, in his interview with the *Matin*, said the people of Great Britain were as strong as the American people—if not stronger—in their support of a League of Nations.

"WATCH DOGS OF PEACE."

Lord Robert Cecil Explains How League of Nations Will Work.

President Wilson was reserving for the conference the details of his own plan, which is nothing rigid and nothing complicated about it. The moment any evildoer came on the scene, and was armed by them, the Governments would take counsel as to the measures of security to be adopted.

These delegates would live permanently in a city to be decided on in due course, and their role would be to keep watch carefully over the international horizon.

These delegates, in President Wilson's phrase, would be "the good watch dogs of peace," which the moment any evildoer came on the scene, and was armed by them, the Governments would take counsel as to the measures of security to be adopted.

Lord Robert Cecil said he could not outline the British plan, but it would seem that it resembles President Wilson's.

For Paris.—Mr. G. N. Barnes will leave London to-day for Paris for the Peace Conference.

FOOD FOR GERMANY.

Why Imports Are Allowed—Payment for Every Pound.

PARIS, Wednesday.

The United Press says that it was on the representation of the military that the Supreme Food Council decided to permit Germany to import foodstuffs, considering that this was vital to ensure stable government in Germany and prevent the necessity of further occupation. The Allies now occupy a considerable part of Germany, and, under the terms of the Hague Convention, provisioning fails to the armies of occupation when the Germans' own supplies are exhausted.

If it be necessary to occupy further territory for the purpose of securing order, the obligation to feed naturally becomes heavier.

Germany, however, will have to pay for every pound of food imported to save them from the present situation.—*Ex-change.*

SEAMEN'S THREAT.

At a meeting of the executive council of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union held in London yesterday it was resolved to convene an International Conference of Seamen, representing Allied and neutral countries, whose seamen have been done to death to the number of 20,000, who are resolved to be satisfied with nothing less than a commerce by sea will be carried to the belligerent countries by organised seamen until the said countries make arrangements to deposit a sum of money to give fair and just compensation to the dependents of the men murdered.

IMMELMAN ONCE BRITISH.

It has now been disclosed that Immelman, the great German airman, who was born at Uitenhage, Cape Colony, went to Germany to study medicine, and there renounced his British origin, and therefore was a traitor.

Consequently it was a strange irony of fate that he should be downed by McCubbin, another South African, born at Johannesburg.—*Ex-change.*



Senhor Machado's supporters are said to be trying to induce him to the Presidency of Portugal.



Mr. Baker, U.S. War Secretary, reported to be resigning to resume his private law practice.

BRITAIN'S ARMY OF OCCUPATION.

How Watch on Rhine May Be Kept.

WAR NOT YET OVER.

It is probable that it will be necessary to keep a strong British force on the Rhine for some months to come, writes a political correspondent.

No definite decision, it is understood, has yet been come to as to the men upon whom this burden will fall.

It is, however, probable that the Government will decide that—

The duty should be borne by the younger men who have seen but little service with the colours.

No man over thirty-five will be asked to be member of the army of occupation.

The Army will be of moderate size, but of a high standard of efficiency and well disciplined.

It will not be chosen by voluntary means.

It is important that the public should realise that the assumption which, perhaps, has been far too general that with the signing of the armistice the war was definitely at an end, is one which might lead to dangerous consequences and probably rob the country of the fruits of victory.

The demobilisation will proceed as fast as circumstances permit. It is as well that the public should bear in mind at once that a certain number of men must remain in the Army.

Obviously there should be some compensation for men who are thus retained while their comrades are allowed to go home, and this may be forthcoming in the shape of increased pay.

The remainder of the troops, those not chosen for the army of occupation, will be demobilised.

Some misunderstanding may be caused by the statement which has been made that within a

HAIG TAKES A HAND IN DEMOBILISATION TASK.

Tackling Problem of Pivotal Men

—**"No Match Sellers."**

"Sir Douglas Haig is over here to-day and Mr. Churchill is going into the question of pivotal men with him, and we hope to find out just where the block is."

This announcement was made by Sir Eric Geddes in an address yesterday at the Association of Chambers of Commerce.

Sir Eric Geddes said that until the Peace Conference had settled the future of Germany the Government would have to maintain an army in the occupied territories.

In selecting it there would be many difficult points. The men who went out first thought they ought to come home first, but they were sometimes not the men who would help to reconstruct the country with the greatest celerity. The Government was determined that the men who had fought should not have to sell matches by the roadside.

It is hoped by the end of the month between 40,000 and 50,000 men a day would be turned out of the forces.

Of the 70,000 applications for pivotal men, 33 per cent. were incomplete and the men could not be traced. A week ago they were getting from the Labour Exchanges only 300 names of shipmen a day; on Tuesday they received 1,700, which showed that the machine was beginning to revolve.

Sir E. Geddes anticipated that in the course of a few days these pivotal men would come home with a rush.

MORE CHANGES IN THE AIR MINISTRY.

Lord Londonderry to Represent Department in Lords.

The Secretary to the Air Ministry is authorised to state that the status of the Ministry is in no way changed.

It remains a completely separate and independent force, the sole connection with the War Office being that one Secretary of State controls both departments.

The Royal Air Force also remains a separate and independent force, its relations with the Navy and Army continuing unaltered.

To provide for the needs of civil aviation as well as for the needs of the Royal Air Force, reorganisation of the Air Ministry is necessary and that reorganisation is being prepared.

Meanwhile the following arrangements will be made. The Orders in Council constituting the Air Council will be amended so as to provide that the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State (Major-General Seely), who is ex officio vice-president of the Air Council, will be charged with responsibility to the Secretary of State for all the business of the Air Council under the general direction of the Secretary of State.

The responsibility hitherto placed on the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for the finance, contracts and lands business of the Royal Air Force will be transferred to the Marquis of Londonderry, who will be appointed an additional member of the Air Council, and, at the request of Lord Curzon, will represent the Air Ministry in the Curzon of Lords.

EBERT'S NEW APPEAL.

According to Reuter's message the captured Spartacists will be brought to trial before the ordinary courts.

The Provisional Government of Karlsruhe announces that it has decided to form a people's State.

The German Government, in an appeal to the nation, says the Wireless Press, denounces the Spartacists, reminds the nation of the general election on January 19, and says: "Bolshevism is the death of peace, of freedom and of Socialism."

PLOT AGAINST "TIGER."

It is stated, says a Paris Exchange message, that certain Bolsheviks arrested at Lautsane were preparing a plot against M. Clemenceau.



Mr. Vance McCormick, who may be the new U.S. Ambassador to France.



Mr. Sharp, the U.S. Ambassador in Paris, whose resignation is reported.

short time demobilisation may take place at the rate of 50,000 a day.

While transport might be available to enable this to be done, it is understood that 40,000 a day is the highest number that can actually be dealt with.

A correspondent says the problem of demobilisation has undergone a vital change owing to matters which have been engrossing the attention of the Allied Conference in Paris, and which were at the bottom of the very drastic conditions laid down to Germany for a renewal of the armistice.

A decision has been reached that Great Britain, in proportion to its military strength, must maintain an army of occupation on the Rhine for many months to come.

AUSTRIA DELIVERS UP £60,000,000 TO ITALY.

Huge Bank Deposits Handed Over to Armistice Commission.

The Austrian authorities, says an Exchange Rome message, have delivered to the Italian Armistice Commission deposits in the Trentin and Trieste banks and other financial institutions, which deposits had been removed to Vienna on the outbreak of war.

The deposits amount to a billion and a half lire (£60,000,000).

BRITISH TROOPS IN VIENNA

VIENNA, Wednesday. British troops this morning marched through the streets of Vienna. They came not as an army of occupation, but as the convoy of a special train bringing provisions from the British Army in Italy to the starving poor of Vienna.

The detachment was composed of eight officers and a hundred men of the 2nd Warwickshire Regiment, under the command of Major Dibdin, who headed by the band of the regiment, the troops marched through the centre of the city to Rathaus, followed by a great crowd.—Reuter's Special.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1919.

THE PRUDENT MARRIAGE.

WE thought it would soon come. . . . Marriage is to be "reconstructed." Love is to be looked after. The elemental passion is to be submitted "on approval" to the microscope of science. "Eugenics" (an excellent movement) began it. The reconstructive impulse is to continue it. You are to go to the professors before you choose the girl.

These and the doctors are lecturing in London to hundreds of young people who want—in spite of present prices—to begin new lives in new homes. They are telling them the sort of partners they ought to find.

The husband should be a war hero, to match the war working wife. If the wife has not been a war worker she should marry a man who has. A man who has failed to get into the Army should choose a large Amazonian lady who will make up for his low eugenic standard. A fair girl should marry a dark man—or shouldn't: for it doesn't much matter. The detail we need not worry about. It is the principle that tells; and the principle is this: Look before leaping. Think it out. Be prudent. Be guided by reason. Consider the future. Remember the State. Help reconstruction. Win the marriage as you won the war.

It sounds, in the professors' mouths, like a War Bond appeal.

Will it make any difference to the careless "selection," the appallingly irrational choices, of Nature and "Love"—all this lecturing and advising and warning of the young?

We see one good reason why it will make no difference whatsoever.

It is that people in love—and therefore wanting to marry—always do, in fact, think and say that they are rational, while they are not; that they are choosing the right person, whereas, to all their relatives, it is clear that they are not; that he is the perfect eugenic match for her; that she is perfectly adapted, in hand, face and complexion to him.

"Is it quite wise?" you say to him. "She in no way shares your tastes or resembles you in manner and mode of life. You like books. She likes dress. You follow quietness. She is never still. . . ."

Having advanced boldly so far you are brought up dead against his dissentient stare. He lets you see that you are being rude. Kindly be silent. She is perfect. She is exactly suited to him.

She is perfect because she was chosen instinctively by him. Professors in vain endeavour that he should think it over.

The prudent professorial marriage, then, is defeated every time by the delusive argument of love; which is partly why the French have, through parental authority, insisted on the other system—the marriage of reason, with love to come afterwards—*l'amour ensuite*.

The French say their system succeeds best.

Briefly considering our own list of divorce suits, down for hearing this term, we dare not claim that ours succeeds better. All we can put up in refutation of the French is the supposition, the hope, that our instinctive method of selection is really Nature's reason in disguise—that the blind choice has eugenic motives at the back of it: in fact, that she really is suited to him, though they appear in every way totally unmatchable.

We must go on hoping this because there is "no other remedy but only hope."

Whatever the professors may say, things will proceed (in this country) on the old lines. They will refuse to listen to lectures. They will not be "reconstructed."

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Perfect valour is to do without witnesses what one would do before all the world.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

CAN A MERE MAN DO THE SHOPPING?

MY EXPERIENCE WHEN THE FAMILY GOT INFLUENZA.

By C. MOLYNEUX.

I HAVE no intention of arguing this point.

I only wish to state my own experience and to leave it to others to form their own opinion.

About two months ago my wife fell a victim to this accursed influenza, and a day or two later our two servants—being well-trained maids—followed their mistress's example.

To obtain outside help proved impossible. And thus it came about that for a whole week I "ran" the entire house—and myself, almost off my poor legs; and, as the saying is, "did" for my three invalids and the three children—and very nearly for myself, too.

I got up the coals, laid and lit the fires, swept and dusted the rooms, washed up and even did a little cooking—after a fashion.

I take no especial credit to myself for these

A dozen or more miserable flesh-eaters blocked my way and again I had to wait.

When at length I reached the desk I planked down the purchase money and turned to go, and it was then that the knock-out blow was given me. "Coupons, please," cried the young woman. And then I remembered I had left all my ration books at home! There was nothing to be done but to return and fetch them, and this I did.

What I said to myself does not matter!

After getting back to the shop and more waiting I threw those confounded books on the desk, saying: "Here are the beastly things, take them."

MORE COUPONS, PLEASE!

She turned their leaves over, and then, smiling sweetly: "You want six more coupons for that joint."

I dashed back to the butcher and asked him to cut it in half.

"Quite impossible," he replied.

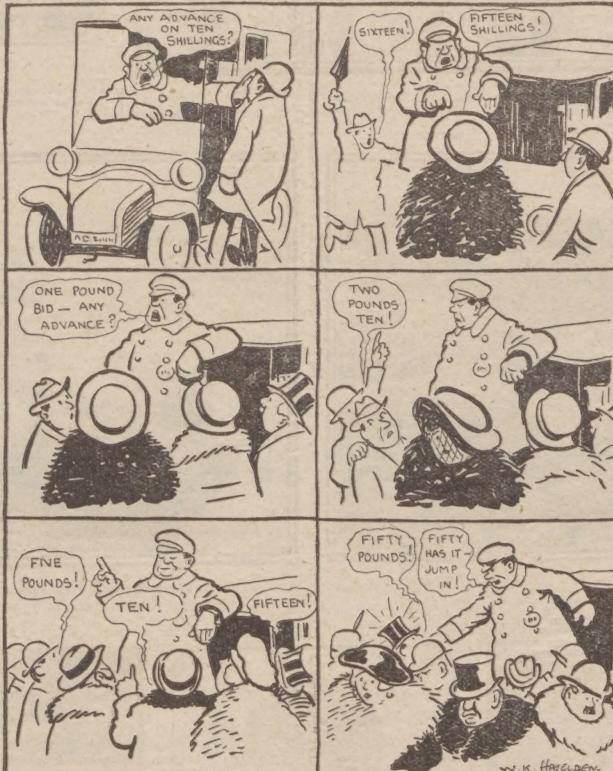
"Any other mutton in the place?"

"Not a scrap."

"Any beef?"

"Yes, you can have three pounds of skirt." That word recalled to me—some what painfully—various dressmakers' bills I

TAXI-TYRANNY: WHAT IT WILL SOON COME TO.



There are so few of them and most of them are so greedy and rude that there will be public street auctions—the highest bidder to be chosen as the only "fare."

(By W. K. Haselden.)

performances; but I am unfeignedly proud of the fact that, for the whole of this period, I did the household shopping!

No greater test of his affection for his wife can be given to a married man than this.

Ah, how well I remember that first day's shopping!

My wife wanted a small leg of mutton. I said to her, "I'll make short work of this job, my dear, and be back in half an hour."

I thought I saw her smile faintly, and I wondered why.

I know why now.

I went straight to the butcher's. On reaching the shop I saw every kind of human leg—lean legs and fat legs, big legs and small legs—but of legs of mutton there was, alas! but one.

I made a rush for the butcher, hoping to secure it; but the wretched man would not even look at me, and I had to wait my turn.

After some ten minutes it came, and, without wasting words, I bought that joint and made for the cashier's desk to pay for it.

had paid, or were still owing; but in connection with the ox it conveyed no meaning to me. I had never heard of an ox having, or requiring, a skirt! But in my despair I said I would take it and ordered it to be sent home.

My next quest was for jam or marmalade. There is a big grocery store lower down the street, and, entering this, and throwing down my ration books unasked, I demanded a pot of jam. The assistant took one of the books up and looked at it, and then informed me—not too pleasantly—that I was not registered with them, but with "Price's, at the opposite corner."

I went to "Price's, at the opposite corner" only to be told that they had had no delivery of jam or marmalade that week.

The last item on that ill-fated list was new-laid eggs.

"Sorry, no new laid ones—only preserved."

It was while I was in the last remaining

dairy that the great inspiration came to me. I would take home the preserved eggs and pass them off as new laid ones!

C. M.

AFTER-WAR EXPENSES.

ON HOW MUCH CAN SOLDIERS AFFORD TO SET UP HOUSE?

IS £500 TOO LITTLE?

IT is not clear whether "R.A.F. Captain" contemplates marriage "in the abstract" or marriage to a woman.

However, as a woman married to an Army officer for nineteen years and the mother of two children, I consider that "R.A.F. Captain" is quite right in not entering into matrimony without due consideration of ways and means in these days of preposterous prices for necessities.

I personally have been through the various stages of having servants and being entirely without them.

Five hundred pounds a year is less than we are now managing on without a servant, and I do not consider that I could possibly, on less than our present income, provide my children and husband with the necessary education and comforts suitable to the position which we in the Army are obliged to keep up.

As everyone knows, one's expenses increase as years go on and the family grows. I do not consider that "R.A.F. Captain" would be able to make an unpaid domestic drudge of his wife and the possible mother of his children, he would do well to weigh the pros and cons of matrimony on an inadequate income.

B. H.

HIGH PRICES—SMALL FAMILIES.

HIGH prices mean smaller families! Whether we like it or not, that will be the inevitable tendency of the next few years.

The old large half-starved Victorian family is impossible for "Captain R.A.F.," or for any body else of moderate means in these days.

And the rich do not have large families, as we think. They are too busy recommending others to have them.

ANOTHER CAPTAIN.

Dover.

THE HOME GIRL.

I QUITE agree with "A Home Girl."

I have recently returned from France and crowds of the boys over there are quite ready and eager to marry.

But they want the right type of girl, and that, I think, is the difficulty.

It is easy to meet the "good time out" girl, but not the real "sweet, home girl."

A HOME LOVER.

SEX EDUCATION.

MAY I please ask "W. M." and others why the education of children on matters of sex is left to the teachers?

Surely a child's parents are better able to judge at what age instruction can be given, and, also, are the "teachers" best fitted for such instructions?

It should be the duty of parents to watch over their children's education on sex matters, as who can instruct and tell a girl such things better than her own mother, or, in the case of boy, his father.

So many parents fall in this most important matter, and may I appeal to parents who read this not to leave their children to "find things out," as so many have to do.

Matters of sex are no disgrace that they should be so carefully avoided by parents.

ONE UNHELD IN YOUTH.

THE SCHOOLEBOY REPLIES.

CONSTANCE INGRAM seems to be quite ignorant of the general characteristics of public school boys.

Boys are not so careless as she would make readers of *The Daily Mirror* think, although everybody occasionally mislays some of their own things and other people's.

Why then, should she choose the unfortunate schoolboy as being particularly absent-minded? Is he more so than poets, professors, or any other class of mankind?

I think not!

J. S. H. (a schoolboy).

FEED THEM OR FIGHT THEM?

YOUR leaders have taken the only forward line in Russia. The other suggested courses are unpractical.

It seems to me that we cannot cure Russia by putting her into Coventry.

The more the Soviet representatives come into touch with the outer world the less eccentric and exclusive they will become—and therefore the less violent.

At the Peace Conference they would get into touch with a sane body of opinion. I believe this is supposed to be the Prime Minister's view.

Littlemore, Oxford.

T. H. N.

UNITY!

THE failure of the Establishment is obvious. Until the people return to "the Mother of Saints" and bid a fond farewell to "the city of confusion" there can be no peace in religious matters.

Get back to the Church of St. Anselm and St. Augustine—then, and then only, will all difficulties disappear.

A Church without unity (oneness) is hopeless.

C. P. C.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 15.—During a favourable spell of weather, horseradish may be planted. Since this subject is a very strong grower, and will do well in almost any situation, let it be set in some odd corner where many other vegetables would not succeed.

First deeply dig over and manure the plot of ground, and then plant (about five inches apart) in long rows that run on foot apart. The plants should be six inches apart in the rows.

The crop of Jerusalem artichokes must now be lifted and stored. Keep some small tubers for planting next month.

E. F. T.

AFTER THE TURKISH SURRENDER AT MOSUL.



General Hadji Bey, the Turkish army commander, who surrendered with his defeated troops to British forces at Mosul, with Captain S. Douglas Meadows, of the Royal Engineers, acting interpreter at headquarters.

NOTABLE PERSONALITIES.



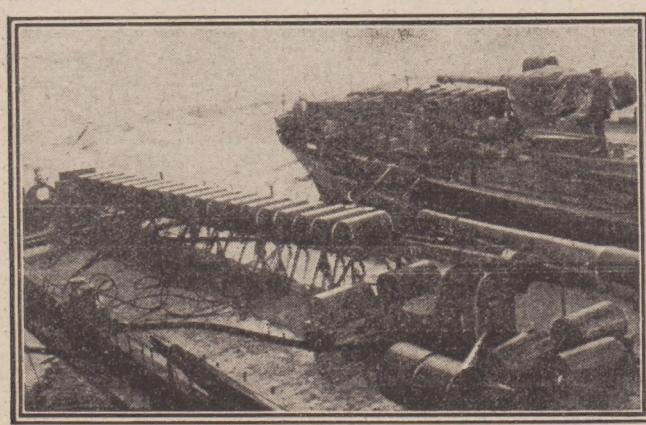
Trooper Gunton, who has been awarded Military Medal and Croix de Guerre with palms. He is now in Leicester Hospital.



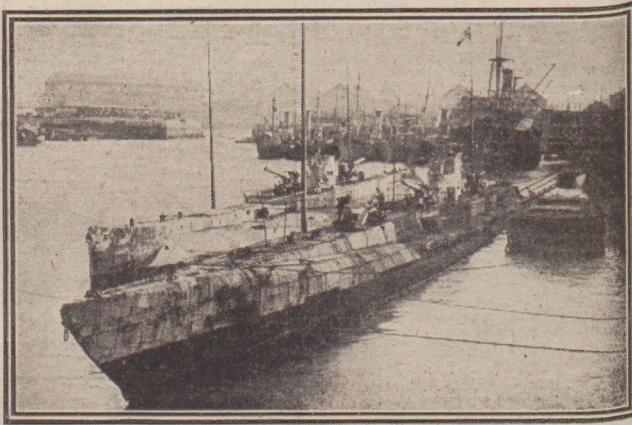
Lady Sybil Grant, whose poem, "The Dream Patrol of a Certain Airship," in the "Poetry Review" has excited much attention.



Miss Donnett Paynter, an ambulance driver in the First-Aid Nursing Yeomanry, who has just been mentioned in dispatches for conspicuous good service.



PRESENTS FOR U-BOAT PIRATES.—Depth charges on a destroyer of the U.S. Navy in readiness to give unpleasant shocks to any U-boat that may be located.



U-BOATS AT CHERBOURG.—Two submarines surrendered by the Huns lying in the naval harbour at Cherbourg. They are of the latest types of German undersea boats.



FLAG THAT MADE HISTORY.—The Union Jack which was ceremonially saluted by Greek troops at Athens after attack upon British troops there, now deposited at the War Museum.



MR. CATTY'S KITTY.—A kitten born in Ruhleben Camp on Armistice Day, which has been brought to England by Mr. F. B. Catty, one of the liberated civilian prisoners.



IN GARAGE UNIFORM.—A woman motor driver attached to the Canadian Forestry Corps establishment in Windsor Great Park testing her engine before setting out for her day's work.

KINGS IN EXILE: WHAT TO DO WITH THEM?

PROBLEM OF THE FUTURE OF THE GERMAN ROYALTIES.

By ARTHUR WILLIS.

Notes from Little-Known German Papers About the Crowd of Discarded Food Hoarders.

WHAT is going to become of Germany's host of kings, princes, dukes and other royal personages now dethroned?

Some time ago a German cartoonist in one of the comic papers drew a picture of a typical country inn in the Fatherland which he called the "Hotel zum Fluchtigen König"—or "Flying King's Hotel."

The picture showed a new arrival among Allied monarchs being welcomed at the door by the host—the earlier occupants waving to him from the windows.

This cartoon has now rather lost its sting and might be applied with advantage to Germany.

According to German statistics the members of reigning houses and their families now in enforced retirement number no fewer than 273 persons, and if we add a certain number of faithful attendants and servants who may be willing to follow their masters into exile a new "Hotel zum Fluchtigen König" will have to be built on the scale of the Cecil or Savoy to accommodate them!

A complete list of these ex-monarchs was published in a German Socialist paper recently—starting with "Wilhelm," as the All-Highest is now familiarly called in the German Press, and ending with the smallest of German counts. In point of numbers the Bavarian Royal Family heads the list with a total of thirty-nine names—one king, one queen, fifteen princes, sixteen princesses, and six members of the Grand-Ducal branch of the family.

THEIR GREEDY WAYS.

Glancing down the list we marvel at the number of Germany's ex-grand dukes and counts.

What will be their fate?

The Allies will look after "Wilhelm" (let us hope) and the Kings of Saxony, Bavaria and Württemberg are important personages who will no doubt lead a life of comfortable retirement, but who is going to take care of small rulers with such wonderful titles as Günther, Fürst von Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt und Sonnenhausen?"

The love of monarchs has died out in Germany—for the time, at all events. What has caused this change of feeling—the revolutionary "Time-Spirit," harsh military discipline, the loss of the war?

Partly these, perhaps. But we have to look to the Huns' chief interest in life to supply us with the most important reason for this new hatred of their rulers.

It is food.

While the average German has been tightening his belt and living on substitute this and substitute that his monarch has been revelling in an orgy of good things to eat and drink.

This was suspected for some time—now it has been proved.

We have all read of the visit of inspection to the royal schloss in Berlin paid by a member of the Soldiers' Council and of his discovery there of a store of provisions of gigantic size for Wilhelm's use.

SPARTAN FARE!

This discovery was commented on in a German paper thus: "If we had not got a better use for these provisions we might have suggested that they should have been preserved untouched in the State museum for the German people as a perpetual reminder to their children and grandchildren of how, whilst millions of Germans were starving, the All-Highest was able to 'stick it out'."

In a recent number of the *Volksschau* (Mecklenburg) the subject is treated with what looks like humour, but is really extreme bitterness, in an article headed "How Our Monarchs Shared the People's Need." Here we read of Wilhelm's meals at headquarters. The writer of the article has often been told of the Kaiser's "Spartan simplicity" at home and at the front—but he evidently did not fare so badly after all.

A few typical menus at headquarters are given in proof of this. Here is a nice little war-time lunch provided for General Headquarters on December 5, 1916:—

Strong Broth à la Royale.
Fried Sole.
Roast Venison à la Sauce, Salad
Asparagus tops.
Compote of Peaches.
Dessert.

While the soldiers were given watery soup and dry vegetables to eat, this was the "Spartan fare" of the Kaiser at the front, says our writer. "We can judge from this of the sort of 'privations' he underwent at home!"

Horrible revelations, these, to Fritz on short commons! And what a weapon in the hands of Spartacists and the rest! Can we wonder now that the Germans got rid of their guzzling rulers?

ARTHUR WILLIS.

MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT MODERN DANCING

IS IT REALLY "NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE" OF OLD?

By W. K. HASELDEN.

YOUR recent amusing article, "My dance, I think?" was no doubt typical of many people's conception of the dancing of to-day. Yet it filled me with amazement.

Among many strange statements made by the author was this one, "Dancing is not what it used to be."

This, again, though I call it a strange statement, is not an uncommon belief.

Not what it used to be—when?

Not, perhaps, the same as in the eighteenth century when, judging by stage representations of it, dancing consisted of walking and bowing and flourishing your hat about, if you were a man, or walking, curtsying and flourishing your fan if you were a woman. But dancing ever since I can remember it, has been much the same as it is now.

Always there have been good dancers—a small minority—and mediocre and really bad dancers—the great majority.

The good dancers always move rhythmically to the music. The bad do the exact reverse—jostling and gyrating jerkily and paying little or no attention to steering; whether from inability or indifference it is hard to say. What enjoyment they derive from bumping about out of step with their partners and out of time with the music remains an unsolved mystery.

Another hallucination, voiced in the article already referred to, is that there was once a "quiet peaceful time" in ballrooms.

Again one asks—when?

Not, surely, within the memory of living man!

Of course, one has always been able to get dancing with reasonable space in which to enjoy it by, let us say, judicious payment; but, as far as private dances are concerned, what hostess has ever thought her dance a success unless her guests have been in extreme discomfort the whole evening from overcrowding, or what charity ball ever achieved its object if the tickets sold were not greatly in excess of the floor-space provided for the ticket-holders' accommodation?

Good dancing is, and has ever been, smooth and unostentatious; the "steps," so much talked of by the misguided, being always subservient to the action of the body. The head and shoulders, as in skating, naturally move round in the direction in which you are turning; but absolutely steadily and smoothly. You dance from the hips downwards.

Not content with their extraordinary misconceptions of modern dancing, the unknowing are firmly convinced that the horrors they describe come straight here from the United States.

This is grossly unfair to our American cousins, and to prove the absurdity of the idea, one has only to watch the majority of young American officers over here at the present moment, to see that kicks and hops and jerks and jars form no part of their dancing equipment, which consists of very few and simple steps.

If it is true that all England, if it is not already doing so, will shortly be dancing, it is to be hoped that the thousands of novices this condition of things implies will not come to their "work" on the one hand too lightly.

Thinking it too easy to bother about giving it any attention, or on the other hand as something so intricate and incomprehensible as to make it hopeless to try to master! W. K. H.

WHEN THE COUPON IS DEMOBILISED.

PRESENT AND FUTURE PERILS OF FOOD PROFITEERING.

By JAMES CLIFFORD.

A warning against the "greedy class" when food restrictions are removed.

MUCH as we have disliked the coupon, we have respected it, for it has possessed power, and whatever it undertook to produce was forthcoming. Government control without the omnipotent coupon has too often appeared to bring about the complete disappearance of the controlled object. Eggs, for example.

That is why perhaps that, like prisoners who have been so long in dungeons that they fear liberty, we regard the coming abolition of the coupon with a tinge of apprehension to leave our satisfaction.

Before the coupon's restraining hand upon the profiteer and the greedy is removed we must insist that the stocks of food available are sufficient to defeat both.

The food profiteer will not subscribe to the armistice willingly.

The slightest temporary shortage of supplies will be sufficient excuse for him to run up the prices to the further plundering of the unfortunate public.

Nothing short of strong Government action really to punish him with imprisonment or a punitive fine—no mere fifty pounds and costs, but something that will really make a hole in his ill-gotten profits—will discourage him.

And, further, the task of prosecution must not be left to the public.

NO WEAK LAWS!

The Government does not carry out its duty to the people by making a law and leaving private citizens to carry it into effect. Unless the law is administered swiftly and strongly it had far better never be made.

The profiteer knows the weakness of the law and its administration only too well. Such a law is worth thousands of pounds a year, sometimes a month, to him.

But the profiteer is not the only offender nor the only menace with which we are threatened in the first few compassions weeks to come. The greedy and the thoughtless will need careful watching and control then.

Over the latter class a healthy public opinion will always exercise some restraint, but they form the majority of the offenders.

The good-natured, hospitable folk who will be tempted to break out into an orgy of pre-war-style entertaining, just because food is no longer rationed, will, unless our supplies next May are really ample, produce a food shortage in six weeks.

We hardly realise how much we have been going without in these past three and a half years. "Genuine" food economy has been instinctive in nearly everyone of us.

Let any householder compare, if he can, the quantities of food he paid for in January, 1914, with the quantities he is buying now.

Let him turn up, if possible, the tradesmen's weekly books for the two periods and compare the money totals but not the avoidous totals. In many he is paying a good deal now, but he is getting in weight on an average well under a half.

EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY!

He is making his rationed food go much further now because he has checked waste, but the once the restraint of the coupon is gone the instinct of the thoughtless will be to buy in abundance and to cast out dull economy from his mind for a while, at any rate, and to eat, drink and be a very.

This is a very natural and a very human tendency, but unless food supplies equal those of January, 1914, an almost immediate shortage will result with probably a further period of couponed restraint to follow.

The food-hogs will start hoarding again with the utmost vigour as soon as control and the coupon go.

What I think we may more wisely hope for is the gradual increase in the purchasing power of the coupon.

There are already signs of this.

Between the number 10's of this week and the numbers 26 which we are promised may be our last there is ample time if the supplies of rationed foods steadily increase to lead us easily from the bonds of war menus to something approaching the old days of plenty.

Only in this manner, supplemented by strict and swift Government action against any individual or class which attempts to benefit itself at the expense of the community, can we avoid, if not a serious food shortage, that major of the minor horrors of war-time conditions—the food queue.

The Ministry of Food has no easy task ahead, but it will have the whole-hearted support of every decent citizen in any action it may take to "demobilise" the nation's larders that will ensure a constant, if slightly restricted, supply and fair prices.

JAMES CLIFFORD.



1,000 children at Victory tea-party in Albert Stanley Institute, Hammersmith. A thousand children entertained at a Victory tea by the T.O.T. Mutual Aid (District Railway Section).

WHY WE WORKERS DON'T GO BACK HOME

A DAUGHTER'S REPLY TO THE MISUNDERSTANDING MOTHER.

By a V.A.D. (Aged Nineteen).

IT seems to me such a pity that, owing to the war (amongst the other numerous sadnesses brought about by the Huns), there should be unrest and quarrelling in many homes.

This disagreeableness is expressed by the mother who is delighted to "do without" daughters."

But there is another sort of mother, whose complaint makes another sort of disagreeableness.

She is the mother who is never satisfied unless her daughters are about her in the house.

Girls, a great many of whom are under twenty-one, have worked hard since the outbreak of war, and those who were too young in 1914 have been "at it" for the past two years.

There is a crisis going on about these.

Why don't we "demobilise"? What are we doing "reveling about" in uniforms? Selfish creatures! Callous flappers! Heartless, homeless things!

I am afraid mothers don't understand!

Since the armistice was signed, so many ignorant people are entirely under the impression that "the war is over" and that there-

fore no one need lift his or her little finger again to help the country.

In the case of V.A.D. workers this illusion is very common.

I know of mothers who complain every day (and make it "difficult") and extremely unpleasant for the daughter that it is "not at all necessary to work nowadays." They little realise that the wounded do not automatically get healed when either an armistice is signed or peace declared. So they argue duly with their daughters that it is wrong to be occupied with work away from home when they (the daughters) are so badly needed at home.

Perhaps the mother only looks at it from her own point of view. She does not see in what a degrading position it puts the V.A.D. if she breaks her contract and leaves her work, leaving others more, and harder, work to do, purely because her mother wishes her to be at home.

I ask myself what girl living would not prefer to remain at home and do her light home duties instead of turning out of the house in all weathers and working hard all day long.

Misunderstandings of this nature cause the girl to stay away from home, to avoid complaints.

After all the hard work young girls have done, it is to my mind a serious grievance that their parents should be allowed to complain to them that their work is not necessary and that they are only "garrying on" because "daughters" do not like being at home" or because V.A.D. work is supposed to be more exciting.

THE DAILY MIRROR

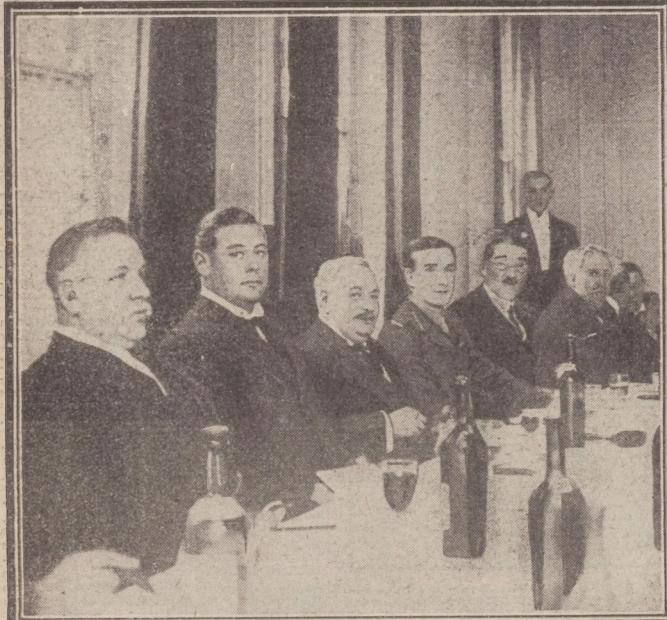
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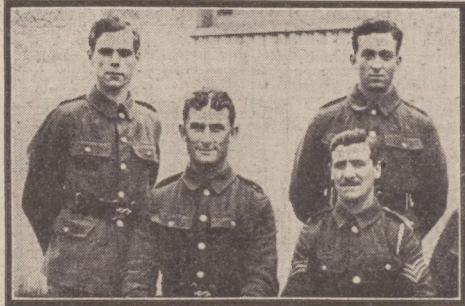
Mr. Adrian Dura Stoop, of the Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment, the well-known Rugby footballer, who is engaged to be married to Miss Audrey Delina Needham, daughter of Mr. Fred Delina, of Jodhpur, Deccan district, India.



Herr Ledebour addressing the crowd at a great popular demonstration in the much-disturbed German capital.



"MACHINERY BEGINNING TO WORK."—So said Sir Eric Geddes (second from left) at the Connaught Rooms luncheon. The pivotal men, he anticipated, would be coming home with a rush in a few days. Brigadier-General Asquith, D.S.O., is seen in uniform.



V.C.'S RETURN.—Corporal John Thomas Davies, V.C. (standing on extreme left), who has just returned to his home at St. Helens, Lancashire, after nine months in a German prison camp.



ORDER OF ST. JOHN.—The Corporal of Liverpool, G.C.M.G., M.V.O., appointed a Knight of Justice of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.



ORIGINAL DESIGN.—A novel outdoor costume in navy blue cloth with a two-inch wide fringe to give the design a finishing touch. The vest is of golden stockingette.



U.S. ACE.—Captain Edward J. Rickenbacker, who heads the list of successful flying aces of the U.S. Air Force. He is credited with having brought down twenty-six Hun machines.



AMERICA'S TRANSPORT ASHORE.—U.S.A. transport Northern Pacific aground off Fire Island, on the American coast. The troops on board, including a considerable company of wounded, were conveyed safely to shore, with great difficulty.



Rosa Luxemburg, a leader of the Red revolution in Germany.



Revolutionists appeal to Berlin of fighting between government forces and revolutionaries. "Brother, don't fight."



IN "OH, JOY!"—Miss Freda Meyers, who is to appear in "Oh, Joy!" the new musical comedy opening at the Kit Kat Club, London, on January 25, and Miss Dorothy Baker, C.G., R.A.F., married today.

RED REVOLUTIONISTS FOR SUPREMACY IN THE GERMAN CAPITAL.

—IN NEWS



Red revolution in Germany.



Red revolutionists appeal to the moment there is no fighting between Government forces and revolutionaries more than a temporary truce. (Daily Mirror exclusive.)



MARRIED TO-DAY.—Miss P. Parker, daughter of General Robert Henry Parker, C.M.G., R.A.F., at Eaton-square, to-day.



An appeal on behalf of the Government to the instincts of law and order among Berliners at a great open-air meeting.



CHATHAM "HOWLERS."—Members of "The Howlers," the merry concert-party of the sick berth staff at Royal Naval Hospital, Chatham. They put on a wonderfully good show.



MOYEN-AGE MODEL.—Afternoon coat in real brown satin. The deep braid collar is a distinctive feature, with the sleeves, which simulate a cape arrangement.



DEAD.—Mr. Axel Fredrik Ericsson J.P., one of the leading shipowners in the mid-east of England, whose death has just been reported.



ALEXANDRIA'S VICTORY RACES.—The race meeting held at Alexandria as one of the celebrations of the Allies' victory provided some first-class sport and drew a large attendance.



U.S. CABINET.—Vice-President Marshall presiding over a meeting of the U.S. Cabinet in the White House executive offices on New Year's Eve, in the absence of President Wilson.



Private Dan Scanlon, of the Cheshire Regiment, one of the old "Contemptibles," who is home again at Rhymney, after more than four years of hardship and privation in German prison camps. He was in the inamorata Mons retreat.



HERO BY HABIT.—Mr. R. W. Pashby, of Scarborough, awarded the Royal Humane Society's certificate for life-saving. It is his third award for the kind of bravery and presence of mind.

Icilmra Cream

Under War conditions it has been impossible to meet the enormous general demand for Icilmra Cream—the bulk of our output being reserved for our "Women's Army" in field and factory.

Supplies are gradually improving and the millions of regular users of Icilmra Cream will soon be able to obtain their usual quantities. Refuse the many inferior substitutes that are attempting to trade upon our reputation.

Icilmra Cream has never been equalled—it cannot be imitated—it is known the world over as Britain's leading Toilet Cream.

Price 1/- everywhere—pronounced Eye-Silma.
Icilmra Flesh-Tinted Cream, 1/6 per pot.
ICILMRA CO., LTD., St. Pancras, N.W. 1.

*Use it daily and
look your best.*



A Word to Wearers of Wolsey

THE difficulty in obtaining Wolsey has been a disappointment to every wearer of this world-famous British-made underwear. Now that the Armistice is signed the manufacturers are in a somewhat better position as regards production.

Owing to the shortage of wool, however—and other difficulties caused by the War—it will be some time yet before they can make anything like the quantity turned out in pre-War days. As circumstances at present are more favourable than they were some months ago, wearers of Wolsey should make inquiries of their retailers regarding supplies. In such cases every effort will be made to meet their more urgent needs.



The makers of Wolsey hope soon to be even better placed, as regards output, than they are at present.
THE WOLSEY UNDERWEAR CO., LEICESTER.

BANISH STOMACH MISERY

STOMACH troubles are a national curse and the cause of lots of serious illnesses. Sufferers from Indigestion, Constipation and Biliaryness will find just the relief they need in Ker-nak, the new concentrated pill which soothes while it cures. You eat what you want to eat, and Ker-nak helps to digest it. It drives wind out of the stomach, and the heavy fullness after eating disappears. So does sourness in the stomach and the sluggish working of the liver. Ker-nak is needful to the stomach, and it contains no habit-forming drugs. It is a safe, sure and natural rectifier of stomach and liver disorders.

1/3 or 3/- a box at all Chemists or the
Ker-nak Natural Remedy, Ltd., Leeds.

Ker-nak

THE NATURAL FAMILY REMEDY

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General



Wife of the new Under-Secretary to the Minister, Mrs. J. B. Seely. Mrs. Harvey du Cros drives her own car for the Green Cross Ambulance Society.

SPEEDING UP.

The "Father" and the Speaker—More American Plays for London.

There has been a marked acceleration of pace in demobilisation. And I now hear that other schemes are being put into force. The Council of Four links up the Ministry of Labour with the demobilisation authorities, and Sir Robert Horne is pushing ahead with a scheme for the future welfare of discharged men, both disabled and fit.

Liberal Leader.

Mr. Lloyd George is now expected back before Parliament meets. Liberal Coalitionist M.P.s are to dine together on the day Parliament opens, I believe. The Prime Minister will be their chief guest, and they are expected to then elect him as their leader.

With His Chief.

I hear that Mr. Bonar Law will take with him his able principal private secretary, Mr. Davidson, when he leaves the Treasury. The rest of the secretariat will be at the disposal of the new Chancellor, Mr. Austen Chamberlain.

The Next Budget.

There are many City rumours as to the nature of the next Budget, but I find no foundation in fact for any of them. It will be entirely a Chamberlain Budget, for Mr. Bonar Law, knowing that he was soon leaving the Treasury, left the whole task to his successor.

A Revival.

One of the aforesaid rumours credits Mr. Chamberlain with an intention to experiment with a new kind of luxury tax. This is an awkward thing to tackle, as has been abundantly proved in the past, and I rather doubt the rumour.

Their Points.

Lord Astor is quite expected to continue as Post Control Under-Secretary. And there are those who think that Mr. Stephen Walsh's place at the Local Government Board will be offered to a member of the National Democratic Labour Party. Probably it will be Mr. Seddon.

Father of the House.

As the new "Father of the House," Mr. T. O'Conor would, in the ordinary course of events, move the reappointment of the Speaker when the Commons meet again. This,



Lady Moya Campbell, widow of Lord Sligo. However, may not be the case, as the National tradition forbids such truckling to the British House.

A Gossipish Situation.

Who would take the task upon himself is not decided. But the situation is a quaint one, and is causing quiet amusement among legislators with a sense of humour.

Welsh Peers.

Some people think there will be three new peers from Wales, or connected with it, in the next honours' list. I fix the number at one, though possibly there may be two.

Dances for the Princess.

"Princess Mary adores London, and is never happy for long out of it," so said one of the Princess's friends to me. "She is now pining to get back to it from Sandringham." There are to be a series of little dances shortly at Buckingham Palace for Princess Mary and her brothers.

Old Steps.

Are there no new waltzes? At various dances I have heard such forgotten favourites as "See-Saw" and "Sweethearts." It would not be a surprise to hear the "Blue Danube" again, in spite of it being an enemy production.

Saving the Salvage.

The salvaging of the battlefields in France is proceeding swiftly. Fighting soldiers and labour corps men alike are at work. Everything—from the sweetheart's dropped picture to derelict tanks—is being sent to the bases.

Magistrate's Son Engaged.

Colonel George de Grey, D.S.O., elder son of the metropolitan magistrate, the Hon. John de Grey, is engaged to Miss Hyacinth Bouwens. The bridegroom-to-be is, of course, close kin to Lord Walsingham, and the bride-to-be a "collateral" of the Earl of Cavan.

Resigning.

Lord Dalmeny is no longer an assistant military secretary, being gazetted as having laid down that responsible post with the passing of the old year. Lord Rosebery's heir has



Miss Hunt, a charming New York lady, helping at the Eagle Hut.



Lady Perrott, R.R.C., has seen much nursing service in France.

done good service in the war, and has the M.C. and the D.S.O. to show for it.

A Heart-Cry.

One of the most pathetic "agonies" of the peace, which I cull from a morning contemporary, is as follows: "Can somebody take to satisfy a generous feeder, homely and Bohemian, British, just about fed-up with hotels and restaurants? Comfortable bedroom essential."

Doubloons!

Spanish doubloons are rarely seen nowadays, but about five hundred pounds sterling worth were recently brought to one of the City banks to be changed into current coin. The Sultan of Zanzibar had brought them over on his recent trip for expenses. Here we have an illustration of the remarkable hoarding propensities of Eastern people.

A Wonderful Brain.

I do appreciate intelligent conversation, especially in pretty women. There was one in my bus yesterday, who said, in reply to a comment on the recent weather, that it was indeed horrible, and reminded her of Havre or Rouen, but she could not be sure which!

A Reminder.

You must not miss "The Love Trail," the new serial story by Iola Gilfillan, the opening instalment of which appears in *The Daily Mirror* to-morrow. It is one of the best novels that has been written in this country for years. I happen to have read it—and I know.

More Yankee Play.

The steady march of the American play continues. Sir Alfred Butt told me yesterday that he hopes at some future time to "present" Miss Ima Claire to London playgoers in a piece called "Polly with a Past," which has been appealing to American playgoers with no uncertain appeal.

The No Drinkers.

I hear of a proposed Society of Temporary Teetotalers, the object of whose members will be to abstain from alcoholic drink until "the quality has improved and the prices have come down." It will have many good wishes.

Surprises.

Children attaining the age of understanding since August, 1914, have heaps of pleasant surprises in store for them. I hear of one who, having been given a piece of iced cake, ate the cake and left the icing—"because she did not know what it was."

Old Bill in "Civics."

Captain Arthur Eliot and Captain Bruce H. Hollister cannot let Old Bill die so soon. He will hob up cheerily as ever in the revue "Laughing Eyes." We shall then see Old Bill in "civics" and trying to get used to the world without a war.

At the Garrick.

The woods are full of new leading ladies just now. The latest is Miss Amy Brandon-Thomas, daughter of the lamented author of "Charley's Aunt." She will do her leading ladying at the Garrick in the new comedy, "The Purse Strings," to be produced in about a fortnight. Here she is.

Succeeding.

This, of course, means that somebody else will play her part in "The Purple Mask." Said somebody is Miss Dorothy Ripley. Another Dorothy—she whose surname is Rundell—will also join the cast.



An Anglo-French Matinee.

Mlle. Delysia, having raised large sums for British charities, is turning her attention to the needs of her own compatriots. Accordingly she is arranging a special matinee at the Pavilion to-day to aid the dependents of the men belonging to the Societe des Cuisiniers Patissiers de Londres, who have lost their lives in defence of France and civilisation.

The "Fag" End.

One is forced to the conclusion that there is money in tobacco, however great the apparent scarcity. The British-American Tobacco Company can contemplate net profits for the last working year of £3,140,174.

THE RAMBLER.

Make no Mistake this time!

Thousands of people were disappointed last time, and expressed regret for not having registered at

Lipton's

for their supply of Controlled Goods.

You may change your Retailer

on any day between

Monday, January 20th

and

Saturday, February 1st.

If you are not satisfied with your present retailer, seize this opportunity and register at one of Lipton's branches for your supply of Tea, Sugar, Bacon, Butter, Marmalade, Lard and Jam.

Make your shopping easier and save your time by buying all your GROCERIES and PROVISIONS at

LIPTON'S

The largest Tea Distributors, Manufacturers and Retailers of Food Products in the World.

Head Office: CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C. 1.

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SATISFIED CUSTOMERS.

Lipton's have a larger number of satisfied customers than any other firm in the Kingdom.

LIPTON, LTD.



THE DEPUTY GIRL

By JUNE BOLAND

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

EVE MERRIAM, secretly married to MAURICE HALSEY, whom she regards as her errant husband.

PETER LISLE, in love with Eve.

RACHEL VANE, a one-time enemy of Eve.

A DAY OF SUNSHINE.

EVE had been at Morton Grange precisely three weeks when she woke one morning to a strange lightness of heart. She opened her eyes to find her room flooded with brilliant sunlight.

"How strange," she thought. "I haven't felt like this for years and years."

She rose and looked out of her open window. The beauty of the scene before her affected her; she was always easily moved by the beauty of things. The shining green slopes of a resplendent general park—down below the lake glistened in the glorious sunshine, and, stately as ever, the two white swans made a majestic progress across its surface.

To the left, and glistening in the morning sun, lay the little spinney that Eve loved. It was to her like some sacred shrine—it was there that she had bid Peter good-bye, silently and without a sound, when she stretched out her arms and waved him his name.

Eve's eyes fell on it now, and then she gazed beyond to the distant blue of the low-lying hills. No breeze stirred—it was one of those perfect days of early summer, when all nature is at its best—flowers, trees, fields lay, as it were, bask in God's sun.

In Eve's breast a desire grew to be out in the sunshine, a desire which was not to be denied. It was still early, the household was not yet astir, save for the song of birds no sound fell on her ears. She dressed herself quickly; then, taking a hat, she slipped from her room and down the stairs.

For a moment she stood on the terrace, drawing in great draughts of fresh, sweet air; then she made her way down to the lake, and, standing at its edge, she waited until the two birds came winging towards her, then held out some bread for them.

She turned then and looked back at the house. Every window was glistening in the morning

"THE LOVE TRAIL" is the title of a fascinating new story by Iola Gilfillan. It starts to-morrow. Be sure and order your copy of THE DAILY MIRROR to-day.

sun, and again that lightness of heart came upon Eve. She wondered a little at it. Who should she be moved suddenly to the feeling of gladness? Was it reflection? Had she grieved so much that she could grieve no more?

"You're very early, ma'am! Good morning!"

The voice of the head gardener—a privileged person who had been at Morton before William Halsey bought the property, startled Eve from her reverie.

"Good morning!" she said, with the smile that won all men to her. "What a glorious day!"

"Aye—it is that, ma'am; but we're wanting rain badly."

"Rain?" The suggestion seemed to Eve almost like sacrilege. Who but a gardener could think of rain on a day of blue skies and golden sunlight? Eve gave a little laugh.

"I can't believe it," she said. "I really can't believe that you can really wish for rain."

The old man looked at her with a faintly questioning air. He shook his head.

"Rain's wanted," he said.

"But think how it spoils the roses," protested Eve.

"Aye—it does spoil them at times," the gardener reflected. "If there's too much of it."

"There generally is too much for me," Eve laughed again. She was surprised at herself; then, turning, she made her way up the hill.

The old man stood looking after her.

"The like of her," he reflected slowly, "ought to have plenty of sunshine—she wants it, poor young thing." He shook his head again. "It's not right," he said, "not right, a young thing like that to be leading such a lonesome life."

Eve meanwhile had gained the spinney. She walked quickly until she had reached the very spot where she had stood while she watched Peter disappearing amongst the grey-stemmed beech trees.

"I stood just here," she whispered to herself, and again, for the hundredth time, she pictured the scene; then, seating herself on the tree trunk, she rested her head in her hands. The minutes passed, and the figure on the tree stem sat so still that even the most alert squirrel ventured forth, to and fro, and out and against the branches close to Eve. A long-drawn sigh started the small brown wood-warbler, and as Eve rose she caught a flash of bright eyes; then it was lost amongst the topmost branches.

Eve murmured a little song to herself as she made her way back to breakfast, and again she felt surprised at her own lightness of heart.

"Eve, observed Mrs. Halsey, when Eve came to her good morning, 'Bye, I declare you look a different creature from the pale thing that came from London a few weeks ago. My dear, there are roses in your cheeks.'

Eve laughed.

"I feel a different creature," she declared.

"I was thinking," went on Mrs. Halsey, observing her, "I was thinking about those invasions."

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

She looked at Eve inquiringly, and Eve drew near and took the old lady's hand.

"Don't send them," she begged. "You and I are quite happy together."

"Just one or two," began Mrs. Halsey.

"Not even one or two," Eve continued. "I love being here alone with you."

Later in the morning Eve once more wandered out into the sunshine. Somehow she could not stay indoors. Every moment of the day ought surely to be spent outside the house. This was the reason that she always went down, taking with her a basket and some scissors.

As she went from one plant to another selecting and discarding blooms she found herself again humming a little tune. Presently she gave a little exclamation of pleasure. She was

Our New Serial, "THE LOVE TRAIL," is a story of a strong human interest. Told in the author's best style, it involves a baffling problem of tangled motives, and the plot is developed with an extraordinary skill.

standing before a rose tree literally covered with blossoms, blooms of a rich deep pink—the scent of the flowers hung in the air.

"I must have some of those," Eve thought and began busily to pick.

THE MEETING.

THE sound of a footstep caused her to raise her head and turn. Down the pathway, coming steadily towards her, was the tall figure of a man—a man in a tweed suit and a grey Homburg hat. He came steadily towards her, his eyes fixed on her face.

Eve felt the colour leaving her cheeks. She held a rose she had just plucked crushed to her breast. Her eyes were fixed on that swiftly-oncoming figure.

Peter. "I've realised that later," Peter explained. "I was quite afraid of the little hobbler at first. I sometimes thought he'd scream himself hoarse."

"It seems too wonderful to be true, Peter," Eve faltered. Tears were falling from her eyes—tears of happiness and contentment.

Peter bent tenderly towards her.

"Eve," he said, "it seems wons and wons we had met."

Eve smiled up at him through her tears.

"I thought you had forgotten me," she whispered.

"Forgotten you!" Peter exclaimed, and the warm colour flooded Eve's cheeks at the tone. "When the sun forgets to shine, sweetheart, when the sun forgets to shine, then I'll forget you. I didn't dare to come near you until old

Peter—" Eve's voice broke.

He let her go suddenly, and, resting his two hands on her shoulders, held her from him and looked close—close into her eyes.

Her gaze met his. Her heart leapt. Could it be? Dared she ask him?

"Silently they gaze into each other's eyes."

"There's something about you," Eve began tremulously. "Something about you that is different." She expressed no surprise at his presence. She felt none.

She had known from the moment she awoke on that sunlit morning that she would see Peter... understood it now, that lightness of heart... she had known, subconsciously she had known.

Peter smiled.

"Something about me, is there?" he asked,

Poiré pronounced me cured, and he was mighty shrewd about it, I can tell you."

"He must be wonderfully clever," Eve said.

"He's a genius," Peter said with enthusiasm. "He's a genius. We're married, and one day he'll take you over to see him, and you can thank him personally, if you like. As for me, I'd do anything in the world that little Frenchman asked me."

Don't forget our new serial starts to-morrow. Tell your friends about it.



GERMAN WAR MATERIAL SURRENDERED.—German guns and aeroplane wings being unloaded on the quay at Richborough, Kent, a great port made during war time.

A MINOR TRAGEDY.

By "ESTELLE."

"Don't desert me, Clara," I begged, as my friend rose to go; "that odious Mrs. — is coming, and I don't feel equal to tackling her alone."

"Sorry," she replied, "but I've got a committee meeting. Just tell me what recipe of yours for a shampoo once again—sallax, smallax, 'Stallax,' I replied. "It's best to rub a little olive oil into your scalp before washing your hair. You needn't rinse it afterwards, isn't that a joy? It's just the thing to keep that fair hair of yours the same colour, and to make it look like a poet's dream."

"That settles it; if you get romantic, I won't stop a minute. Bye-bye, Mabel, thanks awfully. Will you take me with me?"

I was not pleased to hear Mrs. — ushered in. I am not fond of Mrs. — who has "risen in life, and proclaims it by an atrociously patronising manner. Moreover, it always distresses me (I am not a nice person) to see a person with a coarse, wrinkled skin and neglected, faded hair, wearing ultra-fashionable clothes.

"How do you do? Dreadful weather we are having, are we not? I have drawn out as I poured out my heart. Ha—haven't you kept so well-looking? Of course, you're nothing to do."

I am just recovering from a breakdown caused by two years in an aeroplane factory. I felt my temper rising. The conversation dragged on, then I brought out of my knitting. I went upstairs to fetch it, and was some time in finding it.

When I returned to the drawing-room I heard a strange sound like sobbing, and to my utter amazement I found Mrs. — in tears. It was so unexpected, so utterly unlike, that I could only stammer out—

"Don't—oh, please don't; isn't there anything I can do—oh, what is the matter?"

She calmed down soon, and blurted out in a manner which was quite unlike her former fussing way—

"I can't tell you, I must tell someone—it's just this. When I married John I was a good-looking girl, though you wouldn't think it now; but we've been through some hard times together, and my looks went years ago. John's just a kind to me, and now we've got money he gives me all the pretty things I used to have after when I was young. But I look a silly, ugly, old fool in them; we won't go to a beauty doctor, and we giggled over. I can't tell a beauty doctor we won't go to a beauty doctor."

I soothed her and I said—

"Dear Mrs. — you mustn't worry, you really mustn't; if you'll let me be hatefully rude and interfering, I think I can tell you a few ordinary home recipes which will make all the difference to your looks. You've obviously been pretty, but you've lost the freshness and smoothness of your hair, two things which, I suppose, Venus her self would be very plain. You suffer from enlarged pores, too, which cause blackheads. If you went to an American beauty specialist you would probably be 'skinned,' a painful process which would remove the outer, soiled skin, and leave the new, clear complexion underneath. The principle of 'skinning' is sound, but there are three objections—the pain, the expense, and the fact that the treatment necessitates one laying up for several weeks. The only safe way to adopt this principle without its unpleasantness is to obtain some mercurised wax from the chemist's and smear it liberally over the face and neck. The curative properties of this wax is that it absorbs the soiled particles of the outer skin, leaving the pores underneath free to breathe, the new skin often as required, and the cost is trivial. Blackheads are always disfiguring; so, having enlarged pores, and generally form round the mouth and nose, where the pores are always more open, enlarged pores also cause undue shininess, especially oily complexion, when they make the skin look coarse. For this purpose I strongly recommend Dissolving tablet in water. It will make a lovely effervescent lotion, which will loosen any existing blackheads and prevent others from forming by gently closing the enlarged pores. Of course it also makes a wonderful improvement in the texture of your skin."

"Now you need a lotion to protect your skin and to give it a lovely finish. I would recommend the inexpensive kind—clemintine and mix it with water and apply little with the finger tips, your skin will keep the delicious 'peach-like' look for hours. Powdered caladium looks absolutely natural and doesn't hurt your skin a bit."

"Do I know anything to bring back the colour to your hair?" Let me see, think the colour thing would be to get 5oz. of bay rum and mix it with 2oz. of tannalite. Apply it with a toothbrush. It's a marvellous tonic, and your hair will gradually regain its natural colour besides growing thicker and stronger. You always shampoo with stallax."

Mrs. — listened with almost painful interest, and at last she said:

"I'll try every one of your notions. I don't know if I can't thank you enough. I've never had a quarter as pretty as you, I'll think myself lucky."

"I always use my own recipes," I laughed.

"Then I appreciate it all the more: I don't know another woman who wouldn't have guarded those secrets with her life."

"Oh, one shouldn't hear good things," I said, as she left in a rainbow of smiles; "unpatriotic, you know."

"I always use my own recipes," I laughed.

"Then I appreciate it all the more: I don't know another woman who wouldn't have guarded those secrets with her life."

"Oh, one shouldn't hear good things," I said, as she left in a rainbow of smiles; "unpatriotic, you know."

PARKER BELMONT'S CLYNOL BERRIES FOR OBESITY.—(Advt.)

"DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTY PRIZE COMPETITORS: THERE ARE NOW 28,000 OF THEM.



Employed as shorthand-typist in contract department at the Admiralty for some time.



They have both done a great deal of useful work as mechanics in a war munition factory.



Has done good work at the Handley-Page aircraft factory, Cricklewood, London.



Engaged as time and wages clerk at Staines projectile factory since July, 1915.



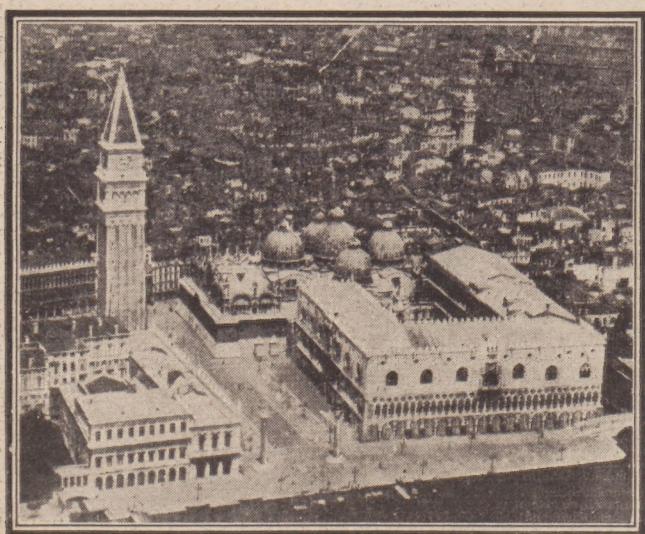
Working as a clerk in a Government office.



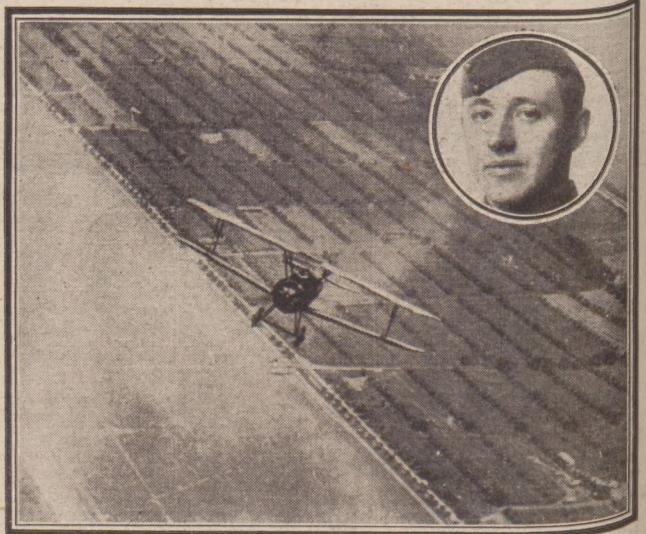
For two years clerk at the Ministry of Munitions.



Served for three years on canteens and with Women's Reserve Ambulance (Green Cross).



VENICE FROM THE AIR.—An airman's-eye view of the square of St. Mark at Venice, showing the Campanile, the cathedral and the palace of the Doges.



CRACK AIRMAN AND HIS MACHINE.—Major W. G. Barker, V.C., D.S.O., M.O., R.A.F., and the machine with which he destroyed thirty-six enemy aeroplanes.

Daily Mirror

Thursday, January 16, 1919.

NOTABLE IN THE NEWS.



Major von Buerfeld, a Sparacuus leader. He is a friend of Prince Lichnowsky and helped to publish the disclosures.



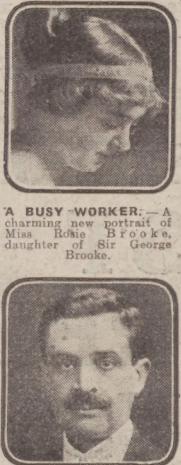
Captain R. Glegg, of Southport, awarded the O.B.E. He has been in Naval Transport service since the beginning of the war.



FOR WAR MUSEUM.—Sniper's camouflage suit and a "tfree" of sheet iron, used as an observation post, among the war trophies collected for the National War Museum.

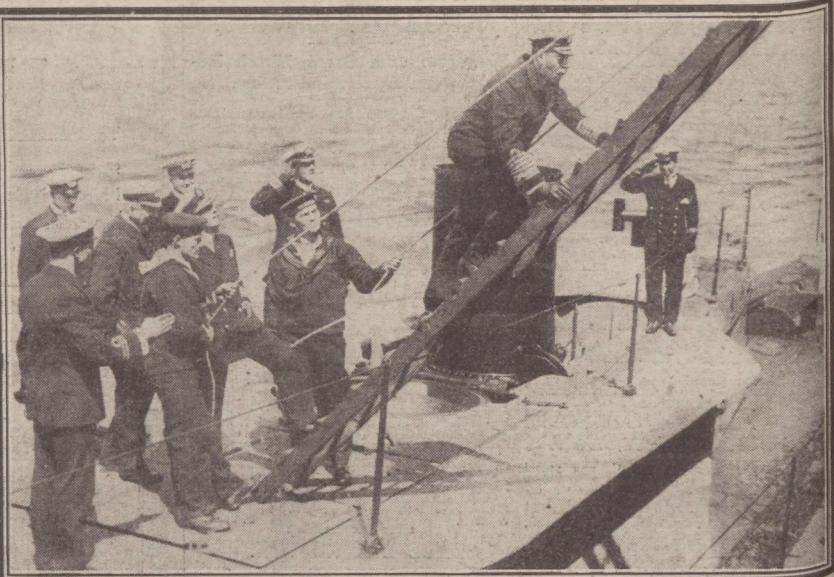


V.C.'S D.S.O.—Lieut.-Col. George R. Peakes, V.C., M.C., who has been awarded the Distinguished Service Order. He has been seven times wounded.



A BUSY WORKER.—A charming new portrait of Miss Rosalie Brooke, daughter of Sir George Brooke.

THE KING VISITS ONE OF THE MYSTERY SUBMARINES.



His Majesty leaving after making a thorough inspection of the craft. These vessels far outclass anything built by the Boche in size, speed and power and use steam as their propelling power on the surface.



THE CARLETON CASE.—The inquest on the late actress (seen above) will be resumed at Westminster to-day.



PORUGAL'S NEW PRESIDENT?—Admiral Antunes, who is said to be one of the candidates for the Portuguese Presidency in succession to Major Sidonio Paes.



SOLDIERS' WIVES FOR CANADA.—Mrs. Burrington Ham (seated), giving advice to soldiers' wives who want to go to Canada at Canadiana Soldiers' Dependents' Headquarters in Trafalgar-square, London. Hundreds apply daily.



LITTLE WAR HEROINE.—Miss Aline Rabaud, the little "fairy godmother" of Allied war prisoners at Ghent. She conveys food and "smokes" to them.